**Lust**

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# Lust

by ElizaD

Summary

Final part of my seven deadly sins series.

Will Graham can see Hannibal now and he is done waiting.

Can be read as a standalone fic though it does follow on from previous works.

Notes

Here it is and I am sad but pleased to have reached the end. Most of my returning readers have already viewed the first chapters of a couple of secret marriage fics and hopefully are confident in my ability to delivery what we've all been waiting for.

TW: this chapter begins with a canon inspired ripper display.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will set out his dogs food, making sure to give them extra attention. He'd been spending more and more nights at Hannibal's lately and he didn't want them to feel neglected by their master. The neighbours teenage son was always happy to let them out, play with and feed them but Will still felt guilty. His pack was very fond of Hannibal, especially Winston, the least trusting and most timid of the small group who actively hid from Jack, would follow him around whenever possible. He imagined that one day they would move into Hannibal's house with him, covering his expensive furniture in dog hair. The idea of domestic bliss with Hannibal made WIll laugh, it seems so strange but wonderful. Hannibal had suggested the idea more than once but Will questioned how serious the offer was. He should take the dogs to visit Abigail soon, too. Once his dogs were happily eating their breakfast Will prepared himself some toast, adding blackberry jam supplied by Hannibal who had some wild bushes at the edge of his garden. He had just finished when his phone lit up with a phone call. Checking the display he groaned to himself, hearing Hannibal's voice in his ear instructing him to press ignore. Disobeying the devil on his shoulder, Will answered. "Good morning, Jack," he greeted wearily.

"Are you at home?" Jack asked without bothering with a greeting of his own,

"Yes, since it's my day off," he grumbled, seeing a rare lazy day with only his dogs slipping away.

"I need you today Will," Jack snapped as though irritated that Will was not already there. "I can't get hold of Hannibal," he added, Will squirmed. Jack didn't know about the developments in their relationship. Beverley had figured it out almost immediately with her almost eerie ability to see these things. Alana eyed the two of them suspiciously but was unaware of just how far past doctor/patient boundaries Hannibal would go since Will was not technically his patient. JImmy and Price were in the first flush of a new relationship themselves and thus blind anyone but each other.

"He had a full patient load today. His phone will be turned off," Will supplied, it was the only reason he had a free day to spend with his neglected pets. Jack grunted in annoyance.

"I'm on my way," he announced. Will heard a car door slam through the receiver. A pause. "It's the ripper."

Will sighed heavily and ran a hand through his hair. So much for a day off. He reluctantly rinsed his plate and got dressed, adding a few drops of the aftershave Hannibal bought him and wishing he was riding to the crime scene with his boyfriend instead. He was pulling on his boots when Jack pounded impatiently at the door, as if the victim would be less dead when they arrived. Winston recognised his loud voice barking for Will and slunk into another room while the other danced around the door. “It’s okay, buddy,” Will assured him as he passed before wading through the others and answering the door, slipping through a crack so as not to let them out. He didn’t bother greeting Jack or complaining about the interruption. “You sure it’s him?” He asked as they drove away from his peaceful little home.

“That’s what I need you for,” Jack answered. “It fits, or we’ve got someone every bit as sick and performative as him on our hands.”

“What do we know?” He asked.

“Nothing much, the body was found about an hour ago, a young couple found the display just after dawn. Poor guy was planning on proposing,” he muttered. “Talk about a mood killer.”

“Display?” Will asked. “More than one body?”

“Can’t be sure yet. But believe me when I say display is the right word. Even with the ripper’s past this is something else,” he answered, speeding up. Will swallowed down a wave of nausea as his breakfast tried to resurface. His reaction was not fear of what he was about to see but a sick kind of excitement about what the Chesapeake Ripper could possibly do to up his usual brand of beautiful cruelty. He turned to the window in shame. The ripper’s crimes were horrific, even Freddie Lounds censored images of what he’d done to some of his victims and he had previously believed the woman to be completely immune to human sensibilities. “I want him, Will,” Jack growled. “I want to see him put to death,” he said with venom. Will didn’t answer. He wanted him too, wanted to see him and understand his actions, feel what he feels, explore the undesirable bond he felt with the stranger

Jack had been obsessed with the ripper since before he had pulled Will from his classroom. But Will could not deny that he was equally as obsessed but he questioned whether he wanted to see the ripper die or whether he just wanted to see him clearly. The Chesapeake Ripper was the only one Will could not completely empathise with and it fascinated him, he found himself darkly attracted to this killer. He knew the way students looked at him when he spoke

about the ripper's crimes with barely concealed admiration, he felt entwined with the murderer and his art.

He was rendered speechless by today's display. "Will?" Jack called, a note of concern. "You with us?" He asked.

"Yeah."

"You sure? Look like you're about to faint," Beverley interjected, her pretty face furrowed in worry.

"I'm fine," Will said, eyes wide as he took in the scene. It was horrific but stunning. He could see why the traumatised witness had wanted to propose here. The setting was lovely, lush full trees parting at the edge of a still crystal lake, the sun was still low in the sky lighting the rippers work beautifully, he planned to have it discovered early in this romantic spot. The body was twisted and manipulated until it was no longer recognizable as a man or woman, now it was only a heart. A perfect anatomical recreation, stripped down limbs taking the place of veins arteries. The colour was a stunning red in the light. Will stared in wonder for a long moment before noticing the rest of the piece. Dangling high above the heart was a pair of hands, hopefully the victims, the ripper had no interest in hiding who he had chosen to elevate before. On the floor were the jaws, complete with teeth so dental records would provide if fingerprints did not. How considerate. Surrounding the jaws were lilies, in a variety of colours, the cloying sweet scent mixing with the copper taste of blood in the air. They covered the ground below like a beautiful bed. Papers with elegant handing were pinned to the surrounding trees. "What has he written?" Will asked.

"Not sure yet," Jimmy answered. "None of us read Italian, thank God for google translate."

"I remember a little," Zeller said, peering at the notes. "Not much but I recognise some. Ti amo, that's I love you. Bellissimo is beautiful and I think Amato is some kind of endearment."

"Interesting what you remember, Z," Jack said dryly.

“Had a thing for Italian girls in my teens,” he answered with a grin, shooting a non-too discreet wink at Price who blushed like a teenager.

“They’re love letters,” Will said.

“Make sense considering his choice of colours,” Beverley said, snapping a few pics of the flowers. “Tiger lilies are much easier to find than the oriental variety, flowers have trends too,” she explained. “The colours all have meanings. Pink is love and compassion, white is for purity, traditional for weddings and funerals. The yellow and orange show joy and honour. Purple lilies can mean passion and are considered rare and exclusive. Whoever this is dedicated to the ripper regard them as precious.”

“How do you know so much about flowers?” Zeller asked.

“I had a thing for florists,” she replied with a light laugh.

“Glad we’re all having fun,” Jack snapped, his voice rising slightly. “And the lock and the ropes, seems pretty straightforward,” Will stepped closer to the still heart, almost expecting it to beat in time with his one. Steel chains and soft rope crossed over the splayed muscles and ligaments, meeting in the centre at a large silver lock, decorated with the infinity symbol. His breath caught as he felt the key hidden under his shirt burn against his skin. “Will?”

“Clear the scene,” he said softly.

“You heard him, everyone up,” the team disappeared around a bend leaving him alone. Sure they were out of sight, Will stepped closer, fishing the key out from under his shift. He tried the key in the lock and it fit perfectly, the lock swung open up to reveal a folded up piece of paper. He unfolded it to reveal a drawing of himself, half-dressed and lost in sleep, Hannibal’s elegant writing underneath. *Tas, kuris turi raktą į mano širdį. I will be waiting for you.* He let out a low breath and quickly snapped the lock and its hidden compartment shut, concealing his key and portrait he called Jack back. “What do you see?”

“It’s obvious. The Chesapeake Ripper is in love. He wants the person who holds the key to his heart to see him, his passion. The flowers, the notes, everything is for that person. It’s a

love declaration, maybe even a proposal. He wants his love to know who it was, fingerprints and dental records will give us a match."

"So who holds the key to his heart?" Jack asked. Will shook his head, silently. "Report on my desk by tomorrow," Jack ordered him, voice only slightly softer than usual when he noticed how pale Will looked. "You sick?" He asked when Will didn't respond.

Will faked a sneeze and gestured at the flowers, "Allergies."

"Let's hope you're not the one the ripper has a thing for," Beverley teased. "I bet he's the jealous type," Will managed a weak smile, unsure if she was talking about Hannibal or the ripper, not that it mattered anymore.

"I think it's a woman," Jimmy mused, looking over the notes. "Interestingly the hearts we see on valentines cards are actually not based on the heart but the shape of a ladies ass when bent over."

"Interesting, the things you find interesting," Zeller said, Jimmy beamed in response.

"Go home and rest, email the report," Jack said, eyeing Will with suspicion. "And get a receipt for the cab ride," he called after him.

Will did not go home but took a cab directly to Hannibal Lecter's home, the scent of lilies and blood following. Hannibal was waiting for him, his whole week cleared of appointments as he waited to see Will's reaction to his gift. "Good morning, Will," he said, opening the door wide. Will entered without a word, the coppery floral scent growing stronger. He removed his boots, leaving them neatly aligned by the door, still not speaking. Hannibal watched him closely, observing every movement, anticipation coiling in his stomach. His boy gave very little away, approaching a vase of lilies placed on the side table, waiting for him. He stroked over the lilies gently, the smell growing stronger. Every stitch Will wore was purchased by Hannibal, designer jeans that hugged his perfect ass, pale blue shirt and too expensive blue cufflinks at the edge. He should buy Will some everyday wear cufflinks as he had noticed how reluctant Will was to leave the house without the adornment. His expensive watch glinted as it caught the light, slim collar only just visible. "You are here early," he said eventually.

“You told me you were fully booked today, and your phone would be turned off until six,” Will said.

“I cancelled all my appointments for the next week.”

“Why?” Will asked, voice void of inflection.

“I expect to be indisposed in the next few days,” he answered. One way or another.

“A little heavy handed for you, isn’t it Hannibal?” He said, slowly, still caressing the petals of the flowers, sensing Hannibal moving closer. “As if the infinity symbol wasn’t obvious enough.”

“Disappointed?” He asked.

“No, the picture was risky,” he continued, voice slightly scolding.

“I had faith you would be the one to find it, my love. After all you are the only one with the key,” he was close enough to touch now and when Will turned to face him side on Hannibal was surprised to see hurt in Will’s eyes.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” He asked, voice horse.

“You once told me that you found the ripper’s, my, art beautiful. I could have told you but I wanted to show you,” He answered honestly. “I wanted you to see me.”

Will shook his head slightly. “You thought this would change things,” he said flatly.

“It changes everything.”

“It changes nothing!” Will snarled, crushing a petal before turning to Hannibal, eyes blazing. He crushed his lips against Hannibal, hand fisting in his patterned shirt, biting his lip fiercely. “I love you, all of you,” he growled fiercely.

“I love you so much, my precious boy,” Hannibal moaned, hands cradling Will’s face.

“This was what you were waiting for,” Will said, yanking Hannibal’s soft hair, meeting unguarded red eyes with almost black gleaming orbs. “For me to know you.

“Yes, mylimas,” he breathed in rapture.

“I know you,” Will swore against his ear. “No more waiting,” Letting out a shuddering breath Hannibal laced his finger with Will’s. He smiled with a tenderness that made Will’s heart swell as though seeking to break free of his chest and merge with Hannibal’s. The scent of lilies filled the air as he pulled Will up the stairs, opening the bedroom door.

The second it was closed Will slammed him against it with ferocious need, attacking his throat, teeth pricking the sensitive flesh. Hannibal tore at Will’s shirt, needing to feel his hot skin, too many layers between them. Will grabbed his hands, holding them tightly. “This shirt was expensive, my love,” he teased, biting Hannibal lower lip with a dark chuckle.

“I’ll buy you a new one,” Hannibal said, smirking against Will’s face.

“Not if you rip it you won’t,” Will said darkly. He stepped back and quickly stripped off the shirt, dropping it to the floor and raising an eyebrow in challenge. Hannibal ignored the blatant flouting of his rules and yanked off his jacket, letting it land on the floor as well. Will purred in delight and stepped back into Hannibal’s space, removing his tie, covering his lips and swallowing gasping moans.

Hannibal pulled his head away and sank his teeth into the soft pale meat of his neck, teasing the blood to the surface, tasting it through the thin layer of skin. Will groaned loudly, hands tightening into fist, crushing the silk material between his fingers. “Harder!” He cried out, one hand grasping the hair at the back of Hannibal’s neck, the other roughly unbuttoning his shirt. Hannibal obliged, helpless to resist, he drew back his lips and bit down with all his strength, breaking the skin and lapping at the blood that spilled into his waiting mouth. Drinking in Will’s hiss of pain that sank into a groan, the tight grip on his neck turning to a warm caress.

“Exquisite, my love,” he pressed his lips to Will, slipping his tongue between his lips, sharing the sweet salty taste of blood. “I love you,” he whispered against Will’s lip. “You have no idea how much.”

Will drew back a half step and slammed Hannibal back into the wood when he tried to follow. “Don’t I?” He said, voice low. “I’ve loved you since Cassie Boyle.”

He shoved Hannibal’s shirt to the floor, dragging him closer to the bed by his belt buckle. Lips still attacked, hearts connected by invisible steel chains. Will sat when the back of his knees connected with the heavy bed frame. Face to face with Hannibal’s crotch, the outline of his erection clear through the luxurious fabric. He reached for the buckle of Hannibal’s belt but was pushed onto his back before managing to release him. Hannibal crouched before him, hot tongue tracing along the edge of his waistband as he pulled off Will’s belt, roughly opening the fabric, Will’s erection straining against his boxers. Will arched his back with a whine, shoving at his waistband as Hannibal assisted in his hurried undressing. As soon as he was nude Will reached for Hannibal again, yanking off his trousers with a feral, animal sound.

Will shoved himself up the bed until his head hit the pillows, Hannibal crawling up after him. He laid his body down on top of Will, every inch connected, not a single breath between them. Hannibal pressed soft gentle kisses over Will’s face until Will grabbed a fistful of his soft hair and dragged Hannibal lips to him, biting roughly on his bottom lip. “I need you now, love, now!” He moaned, pushing his pelvis against Hannibal’s, thrusting his tongue into his mouth, tasting the shuddering groan there. Hannibal answered his brush with his own movement, slamming Will’s body into the bed. He kissed Will back with renewed fever, teeth and tongues smashing together. Sitting up he flung Will’s legs open, fierce eyes glittering black and bottomless. Will grinned and rolled onto his front, ass in the air and back arched. Hannibal ran his knuckles along Will’s vertebrae, thin skin the only thing separating his blood from Will’s. Will moaned and pressed back, his ass pushed against Hannibal’s erection in demand.

Hannibal laid his front over Will's back, retrieving a bottle of lube from under the pillow, licking the sweat in the crook of Will's neck as he drew back. The lid snapped open and Hannibal poured the liquid over his fingers, the cool liquid tingling. He swirled a finger along the puckered skin of Will's hole and slid in one wet finger, feeling Will's body tense then relax welcoming him with a blissed sigh, instantly adding a second. Delving within Will's body he located his prostate, his free hand gripped Will's hip, holding tight as he tried to buck and squirm at the shockwaves running through him. His fingers twisted and curled, spreading the tight hole swiftly as Will's pleas turned to demands. Drawing away, he pressed his forehead between Will's shoulder blades as he slicked up his dick before pushing inside slowly, feeling every inch of Will's hot passage. "Fuck, finally," Will sighed nder his breath causing Hannibal to huff out a soft laugh. His hands went to Will's hips, holding him tightly and drawing him backwards, agonisingly slow, too slow. "Hannibal…" Will whined weakly. With a feather light kiss to the back of Will's neck he snapped his hips forward roughly, slamming into Will over and over again driving him forward and pulling his back. Will moaned in his grip, slamming himself backwards and clenching around Hannibal's length needing to feel him harder and deeper. His arms gave out under him and his face pressed into the pillow and his legs shaking.

Hannibal wrapped an arm around Will's waist, his strength being the only thing holding Will up. He leaned forward, resting too much of his weight on Will's slim body until he lay flat on his stomach, one arm keeping him from crushing Wlll completely as he fucked into him with abandon. He left rough bites on Will's neck, bruising and pricks that would last for weeks. Will arched his head back pulling Hannibal into a messy, greedy kiss gasping at the friction created by his dick rubbing against the silk beneath him. He came with a broken sob, grasping Hannibal's hair, his clenched ass and beautiful cry pushed Hannibal over the edge. "Mylimas," he whispered, voice overcome with emotion. Unable to hold himself up any longer he rolled to his side, pulling Will along him, his softening dick still deep inside. "Wonderful boy," he murmured, nuzzling at Will's soft curls.

"I've waited so long for you," Will said, raising Hannibal's hand to his lips, mapping out his fingers with his lips and tongue.

"Since Cassie Bolyle," he repeated. "Did you really love me then?"

"I didn't know it then but yes I think I did. I knew it was for me, the whole display," he said softly, shifting his hips forward, letting Hannibal flagging erection slip from him so he could turn to face him. "I was scared, but not of you or what you had done. I was afraid of how much I wanted your attention. Knowing that a killer that had eluded the FBI so easily was sending a direct message to me. Zeller's voice was shaking when he said her lungs were removed before death and it was thrilling. I felt like we were connected to each other but separate, above everyone else. Your gift, her desecration, elevated me, your equal."

“Yes. I wanted to help you see his face,” Hannibal told him, stroking over his face.

“I wanted to see yours,” Will answered. “You were in my mind from the second I saw it. I could slide in and out the minds of other killers, sometimes they caught but you could always unhook them but not the ripper. Not you.”

“I couldn’t let them have your mind could I?” Hannibal said darkly. “I’m possessive, jealous and very bad at sharing,” he finished with a growl. “I want you all to myself, all the time.”

“You have me,” Will promised, sucking gently on his bottom lip.

“All of you.”

“All of me.”

“I am never letting you leave this bed,” Hannibal threatened and Will laughed. “I’m not joking, darling boy.”

“I know, but you would miss feeding me too much,” Will smirked, laying himself across Hannibal’s body.

“You can eat here,” Hannibal answered. “Clearly,” he added with a sigh as Will nibbled his way along his shoulder, boldly straddling his body. Will laughed again and moved down Hannibal’s body, settling between Hannibal’s splayed legs.

He locked eyes with Hannibal hand wrapping around Hannibal’s semi erect cock, dropping his eyes to the thick meat, examining it with glee before guiding the head to his mouth. His tongue darted out to press at the slit, sweet kitten licks around the head and swirling his tongue around the head. His eyes flicked up, watching Hannibal’s reaction as his penis thickened under the attention. Only Hannibal’s red parted lips were visible and his long neck

stretched out, his head tilted back in pleasure, breathing heavy. Will wrapped his mouth around the damp head, humming pleasantly when Hannibal's hands came to rest in his hair, fingers tightening at the vibrations. Will pushed forward, his rough hands covering the length he could not fit in his mouth. Sucking greedily he moaned loudly, eyes rolling back at the wanton sounds coming from Hannibal, the strong body under him moving unconsciously, hips rolling upwards seeking more wet warmth as his hands stroked through Will's hair with tenderness. "Oh, my talented boy," he praised hoarsely. Will relaxed his throat, taking in more, fighting his gag reflex and swallowing around the silky flushed member. He choked slightly and drew back, his hands moving to cup Hannibal's ass, pulling him closer. Hannibal's roar echoed around the suffocating room as he exploded in Will's mouth, followed by soft moans and Will continued to suckle on the tip, swallowing every precious drop.

"That's what's in your food, isn't it?" Will said, laying his head on Hannibal's soft stomach. "Why my coffee never tastes right unless you make it."

"Yes," Hannibal answered. Will's disbelieving snort was dark with excitement.

"Months ago I would have killed you for that," he said.

"That's why I didn't add enough for you to recognise the taste," Hannibal explained, voice soft with exhaustion.

"Have I eaten anything that didn't have your cum in it?" He asked, curious.

"In the beginning, it was clean," Hannibal promised him. "Then, when I became unable to cum without thinking of you, it seemed appropriate to serve you the fruits of your beauty."

"Was any of the meat not human?" He asked, turning his head to look at Hannibal who laughed softly.

"I do have to sleep, my love. When would I have had the time to kill enough people to satisfy your appetite? He asked affectionately. "And people don't taste like fish," He added.

“Ass. When your holiday cottage is ready I’m gonna catch fish for our first meal,” Will told him.

“Ours,” had that word ever tasted so succulent.

“And I want to help you complete your sounder,” he whispered almost too soft for even Hannibal to hear. “There should be two more, right?”

“Yes, darling,” Hannibal answered, in absolute awe of the perfect creature wrapped around him, able to surprise him still.

“Bath time?” He suggested with a suggestive grin.

“Excellent idea, dear,” Will reluctantly rolled off Hannibal’s legs, stretching his long body, muscles popping. Hannibal gave him another kiss before heading to the adjoining bathroom on wobbling legs. Will drifted as he listened to the water run, already mostly hard again. His brain wasn’t working at full capacity, sluggishly trying to match the soft affectionate Hannibal with the Chesapeake Ripper. As fascinating as Hannibal’s crimes were, he'd never been aroused by the ripper but enthralled.

It made sense in a way. There were times, even now, when he looked at Hannibal and his breath would suddenly vanish. Not at his beauty or strength but his whole presence, domineering and dark. Godlike. And seeing him now, without blinkers, was a blessing. The ripper looked down on everyone else, the pigs he slaughtered and the headless chickens chasing after him. People were food and toys to him, only there for his entertainment, existing because he allowed it. But not Will, or at least he hoped not. Hannibal returned, smiling sweetly, sharp teeth bared. Will reluctantly heaved himself off the bed, steadying himself on the furniture as Hannibal watched him stumble like a newborn fawn.

Hannibal helped him into the wide deep bath, the fresh clean scent of eucalyptus and peppermint floating from the steaming foamy water. Will’s aching muscles and tender hole sang as he sank into the melting heat, shuffling forward as Hannibal climbed in behind him, caging Will’s legs between his and wrapping his arms around Will’s torso, drawing him back

to rest against his chest. “How do you see me, Hannibal?” He asked, hands swirling in the thick surface layer of bubbles.

“I assume you don’t mean literally?” He mused, gently. Will shook his head. Hannibal reached for a soft wash cloth, lathering it up with creamy wash and running the fabric over Will’ shoulders, dragging it over his pecs and down his arms.

“Can’t distract me, Hannibal,” he hummed, arching into the touch.

“So it would seem,” Hannibal said, slightly amused. “You are beginning to make me feel insecure.”

“Impossible,” he said, kissing Hannibal’s jaw.

“For anyone but you,” he said.

“Tell me,”he urged, leaning back against Hannibal with his eyes closed.

“You are a singular unique entity, my love,” he began. “I have never felt, for anyone, as deeply as I do for you. There are no words for me to adequately explain how I see you. It feels wrong for you to exist in this unworthy world, so far removed, above every other meaningless person. I would have the world exist only for the two of us. I see you as mine alone, my only equal. I worship you.”

“Sometimes I look at you and it’s like glimpsing God,” Will said in wonder. “The way the Cheasapeke Ripper presents his victims, turning weak fragile flesh into immortal art. It’s magical, the way you create and elevate is unique.”

“For years I saw myself as alone, unwilling to truly connect with anyone. The art in the Louvre and the food found in Italy, great music and books, the things I could appreciate. I sought to match their beauty and surpass it, believing that no-one could ever understand me but I never cared,” he explained. “Then I found you, your stunning mind,” he whispered. “I

could never imagine how it would feel to have someone see it the way you do, with such clarity. That is how it changes everything. The whole world is different with you in my arms. That is why I could never let you go," he finished darkly, hand grazing along Will's penis.

"Does it get you off?" He asked, head lolling back. "Killing,"

"No. not the act itself," he answered. "Sharing it with you…" he paused, searching for words. "There is a difference between sex and making love, yes, but those lines blur when you see what I have created."

Will twisted in the tub, spilling water onto the floor. "Don't let me go," he said, words slurring when his lips sealed over Hannibal's. Water sloshed over the edge as he squirmed, trying to find a position where Hannibal could enter him, swearing in frustration when his feet continuously lost purchase on the slippery porcelain.

"Bath sex is far too complicated, mt beauty," Hannibal laughed, heaving his body out of the water and holding his hand out for Will to do the same.

"You've had experience?" Will growled, jealousy sparking. Hannibal lifted him bodily off the floor, with a feral growl, throwing his wet body onto the bed.

"You have driven every other lover from my memory palace," he said, covering Will's body with his.

"Worth the wait?" He asked, raising an eyebrow, trying and failing to hide his insecurity.

"Yes." Hannibal answered instantly. "I had no doubt you would be and yet you continue to exceed my every expectation," he spread his legs, straddling Will's slim figure, surrounding him. "Will you allow me to take my time with you now, worship you as you deserve?" Will nodded, wrapping his hands around Hannibal's neck. Hannibal gazed in Will's cerulean eyes for a long moment in wonder. "Nothing I have seen or done could compare to you."

Lowering his head Hannibal kissed the droplets of water, clinging to Will's chest, licking along the lines of his defined muscles, fingers pressed against his ribs. Not so visible after months of meals made by Hannibal's devoted hands. He pressed his hands into the beginnings of a filled out stomach, delighted at how Will's body was moulded by him, healthier and stronger than he had once been. Finally becoming the creature he was meant to be. He lifted Will's legs to hang over his shoulder, blowing cool air over his puffy and abused hole, kissing it softly. "I don't wish to hurt you," he said hesitating.

"You won't, it's okay," Will said softly, encouraging Hannibal to continue. With gentle licks he stimulated the sensitive nerves, bathing in Will's blissed out gasps, listening for any hint of pain as he soothed the flesh there with his wet tongue. When the hole was drenched and quivering he worked his tongue inside, tasting his own release, the muscles fluttering around him as he ran his palms along the back of Will's thighs in comfort. He feasted on Will's soft, warm cavity, causing Will to yelp in surprise and delight when he gently bit into his soft cheek, tongue soothing the faint teeth marks. He moved up Will's body, kissing along Will's throat before claiming his lips.

He reached for the lube bottle again, enjoying the way Will's body jolted when he smeared the cooling gel against his hole before moaning when Hannibal's middle finger slid inside, buried to the hilt. "Okay darling?" Will nodded breathlessly, weak arms drawing Hannibal in for another kiss, gasping into his mouth as Hannibal slid in a second finger. He thoroughly massaged Will's insides, brushing over his prostate with increasing pressure as he felt the tight muscles of Will's sphincter cling to him, protesting when he withdrew even an inch. He scissored the fingers, Will's body bending to his will so easily as Will mewled wordlessly beneath him. He gripped Will's thighs, firm but not fierce as he brought them to wrap around his waist before sliding the liquid over his pulsing erection and pouring a generous amount over Will's, a few firm pumps leaving Will covered.

"Eyes on me, mylimas," he cooed gently. "Look at me," he ordered when Will didn't obey. He pressed the tip of his erection to Will's wanting and welcoming hole and waited. When Will's hazy drugged up eyes met his, Hannibal smiled down at him, a kind and loving God. He cupped Will's beautiful face with one hand, his thumb brushing along his swollen lower lip and he pushed inside, holding his gaze, blue eyes boring into red, Bodies and minds sinking into each other and entwining around each other. He buried himself to the hilt in Will's heat, holding still and letting him adjust. He drew back slowly until only the head remained before thrusting back in, lubricant and remaining traces of semon easing his way. The drag when he pulled out was delicious, Will's body so reluctant to release him. Will's calloused fingertips tightened every time Hannibal thrust in, his hands firm on Hannibal's upper arms, admiring the strength there. His eyes were blurry as they gazed up at Hannibal in rapture, breathing heavily.

“Oh God, so s-so, God yes!” He cried out. Hannibal growled, soft as a lily flower and sped up, jealous of any name but his on Will’s perfect lips. “Yes, Hannibal, yes yes yes!” Will gasped as Hannibal took his cock in hand, pumping the slippery length and spreading precum over the head, pleasure spreading from his ass and dick and his mouth continued with garbled praise, mixed with groans and cries. “I love you. I love you. Hannibal, I love you so much!” He yelled, the words triggering Hannibal to fall into pleasure, his jerking cock the final thing to push Will to his peak and over, white stripes shooting over his torso and Hannibal’s fist. “I love you,” Will whispered as Hannibal spread cum over his parted lips, slipping his painted finger into Will’s mouth, allowing him to taste his own pleasure as his eyes fell shut.

“I love you too, my only precious one,” He meticulously cleaned the remaining spend from Will’s stomach, dragging his fingers though the mess and licking them clean. He moved from the bed, pulling a weighted blanket from the top of the wardrobe and wrapping an incoherent and exhausted Will up before lifting him bridal style and placing him in a leather chair, turning the chair to face the bed. Will’s eyes opened a crack as he licked his shining lips clean. He mumbled a questioning noise. “The bed is not only covered in bodily fluid but also soaked from water and lube,” he explained, stripping the bed. “I assume you sought an arrangement for your dogs before coming here?” Will nodded wearily. “Good boy. You really must consider my offer to move you all in here with me.” Will nodded again, weakly clinging to consciousness. “We can discuss it over breakfast.

“In bed? Will asked, stifling a yawn.

“Of course mylimas,” Hannibal said, kindly. “Breakfast in bed, whatever you want,” Will nodded with a smile and closed his eyes, mumbling something about pancakes and bananas and what sounded like rollerskates when Hannibal tucked him into the freshly made bed and slid in behind him, curling his body around Will from behind. “Good night, Will. Sweet dreams.”

His only answer was a soft snore. Hannibal shut off the light and let sleep claim him also. Arms tight around his needy lustful boy.

A whisper of his name and he was instantly awake, taking stock of the situation in a moment and smiling. Will’s naked body was pressed against his, one hand wrapped around his back and his wet hot mouth pressed against Hannibal’s ear, moaning his name, Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will, pulling him closer, letting him know he was awake. Both hard, their erections brushed together and Hannibal hissed at the over stimulation. His eyes fell on the clock over Will’s shoulder, he had only had severity-five minutes of sleep to recover and he was mildly impressed with his own body, no-one but Will could inspire such stamina at his

age. His hand slid down to Will's ass and realised with a jolt that the rhythmic wet noise was the sound of Will fucking himself with his fingers in preperaion.  He felt Will's wet hand wrap around his hard dick, slicking him up in preparation. With an audible squelch Will withdrew his fingers and turned his back to Hannibal, brushing his ass over Hannibal's hard on. Hannibal gave in to both their wants and impaled Will on his dick. He moved lazily, sleepily as Will rolled back against him. His arms wrapped around Will's burning, sleep-heavy body pulling him close and he rocked into him with unhurried movements. Will turned his face into Hannibal's neck, panting against the skin and humming happily. Hannibal felt tension coil within him far too quickly and reached around to tug on Will's dick. Will moaned loudly before coming with a breathless sigh and falling back limp as Hannibal pumped a weak stream of white into his ass, body in need of hydration after going four times in one night.

He drifted back into a dreamless sleep with Will plastered against him, softening dick slipping from the precious heat.

*My perfect sinful boy.*

End Notes

Do let me know if this was worth the wait, I hope it is.

I did promise a competition to mark the end of this fic and because of the wonderful and continued support I am running two.

Competition one is finished and a few of you were correct, the translation is 'the only who holds the key to my heart'. Well done to those who got it. The randomly chosen winner had been informed.

Competition two has also been won. The victim is Carter Adams, the killer mentioned in Sloth.

Kudos and comments bring me joy and requests and constructive criticism is always gratefully received.

Thank you so much for following me to the end of this wild ride.

Survive, live and thrive and eat the rude.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!